Beauty it ſelfe, doth of it ſelfe perſwade
The *eyes* of men without an *Orator*,
What needeth then *Apologies* be made
To ſet forth that which is ſo *ſingular* ?
Or why is *Colatine* the publiſher
Of that *rich Iewell* he ſhould keepe vnknowne,
From theeuiſh *eares* becauſe it is his owne ?

Perchance his boaſt of *Lucrece Sou'raignty*,
Suggeſted this proud *iſſue* of a *King* :
For by our *eares* our *hearts* oft tainted be,
Perchance that enuy of ſo rich a thing
Brauing compare, diſdainefully did ſting (vant
His high pitcht *thoughts*, that meaner men ſhould
The *golden hap* which their *ſuperiors* want.

But ſome vntimely *thought* did inſtigate,
His all too timeleſſe ſpeede, if none of thoſe,
His *honor*, his *affaires*, his *friends*, his *ſtate*,
Neglected all ; with ſwift intent he goes,
To quench the *coale* which in his liuer growes.
O raſh falſe *heat*, wrapt in repentant cold,
Thy haſty *ſpring* ſtill blaſts and n'ere growes old,

1 Tarquin welcomed by Lucrece

When at *Colatia* this falſe *Lord* arriued,
Well was he welcom'd by the *Romane dame*,
Within whoſe face *beauty* and *vertue* ſtriued,
Which of them both ſhould vnderprop her fame,
When *vertue* brag'd, *beauty* would bluſh for ſhame
When *beauty* boaſted bluſhes, in deſpight
Vertue would ſtaine that o're with *ſiluer white*.

But *beauty* in that *white* intituled,
From *Venus doues* doth challenge that *faire field*,
Then *vertue* claimes from *beauty* beauties red,
Which vertue gaue the *golden* age to gild
Their *ſiluer cheekes*, and cald it then their *shield*,
Teaching them thus to vſe it in the fight,

This *Herauldry* in *Lucrece* face was ſeene,
Argued by *beauties* red and *vertues white*,
Of eithers colour was the other *Queene*;
Prouing from *worlds minority* their right,
Yet their *ambition* makes them ſtill to fight :
The *ſou'ragnity*, of either being ſo great,
That oft they interchange each others *ſeat*.

This ſilent *warre* of *Lillies* and of *Roſes*,
Which *Tarquin* view'd in her faire *faces field*,
In their pure *ranks* his *traytor* eye encloſes,
Where leaſt between them both it ſhould be kild,
The coward *captiue* vanquiſhed doth yeeld
To thoſe two *armes* that would let him goe,
Rather than triumph in ſo falſe a *foe*.

Now thinks he that her *husband* ſhallow tongue,
The *niggard prodigall* that praiſ'd her ſo,
In that high taske hath done her *beauty* wrong,
Which farre exceeds his *barren skill* to ſhow.
Therefore that *praiſe* which *Colatine* doth owe,
Inchanted *Tarquin* anſwers with ſurmiſe,
In ſilent *wonder* of ſtill *gazing eyes*.

This earthly *Saint* adored by this *Diuell*;
Little ſuſpecteth the *falſe worshipper* ;
"For thoughts vnſtain'd doe ſildome dreame on (*euil*,
"*Birds* neuer lim'd, no ſecret *bushes* feare :
So guiltleſſe ſhe ſecurely giues *good* cheare,
And reuerend *welcome* to her princely *gueſt*,
Whoſe *inward* ill no *outward harme* expreſt.

For that he coloured with his high *eſtate*,
Hiding baſe *ſinne* in pleats of *Maieſty* :
That nothing in him ſeem'd *inordinate*,
Saue ſometime too much wonder of his *eye*,
Which hauing *all*, *all* could not ſatisfie ;

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Rape of Lucrece* (STC 22352) LONDON, 1632 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3717) Octavo